

The Washington Times

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1917.

Plain Talk in Pictures—By
Congressman Baer

You Can't Mistake the Idea in These Little Cartoons.
(Copyright, 1917.)

Here's another cartoon by Baer, of North Dakota—one of the sort that caused him to be sent to Congress by the farmers of North Dakota.

Out there in the far West they haven't learned to be as polite as we are in this part of the country. They call a spade a spade, and they call a thief a thief—even if he steals a million.

Here we call a thief a thief if he steals a loaf of bread, or a can of pork and beans. But if he steals a million we call him a financier—send polite reporters and ask him to tell young men how to succeed.

In this excellent cartoon by Baer you see some of the Dakota Congressman's favorite characters.

"Big Biz" is his greatest favorite. Baer knows that the farmer works night and day, summer and winter, and Sunday, to add to the wealth of the man who doesn't work at all except with a lead pencil, figuring out how much you can make from a million bushels of wheat—if you give the farmer a dollar and hold it until you get a dollar and a half.

As long as he is in Congress, and as long as he feels inspired, Congressman Baer will make pictures that you will see in this newspaper. You will agree with us that it is not a bad idea to get this able-bodied citizen to give you some conceptions of what your fellow-citizens who work on the farms in the West, and who are called upon to feed this nation and Europe, are now thinking about.

Remember that this picture by Baer reflects the thought of TEN MILLION FARMERS.

To a Young Lady Named Hazel,
Age 22

Desultory Advice on How to Write.

A young lady writes that she is twenty-two years old, her first name is Hazel, she would like to become a writer and wants advice. Here's a little of it.

Young Miss Hazel says "I suppose you get a great many letters from people who feel that they would like to take up newspaper work. I want to do something, but don't know exactly how to go about it."

Here is an answer which ought to be better:
Dear Young Creature:

We feel as sorry for you as for a yellow, fluffy new-born chick that we once saw walking across an ocean of white eggs in an incubator, not one of her little brothers or sisters yet hatched to keep her company. We thought "what a hard life you are going to have, poor little chick, scratching, struggling; later laying eggs and having them taken away from you, wanting to set and forbidden to set, at last ending in the frying pan. As we felt about that chick, starting so courageously across the ocean of white eggs, we feel about any young woman trying to earn a living by writing, or in any other way.

Writing is not easy, and not pleasant work. Wanting to write does not mean that you can write or ever will be able to write in a fashion worth while.

On the contrary, those that really can write often hate to do it, because they do it with intensity, and intense hard work is unpleasant.

Try to arrange earning a living in a way that is not exhausting physically or mentally.

After working hours practice writing. Try to write for the public exactly as you would write a letter to your mother, with a little more concentrated attention. Do not write as though posing for your photograph at Niagara Falls with your new husband. Be natural, relaxed. You might practice on editors of papers. Address your letter "To the writer of such and such an editorial."

Begin, of course, by saying that he is perfectly wonderful. That will get his attention. Then add something of your own from the woman's point of view. If he throws it in the waste basket in spite of the fact that it contains a compliment for him—you may be quite sure that it wasn't worth printing.

Whatever you do, if you think that you are going to make a writer, WRITE EVERY DAY A GREAT DEAL.

When you see a man laying bricks with wonderful ease it means that he had laid many bricks before you saw him.

So it is with writing. It is more of a trade than an inspiration, except in the case of the greatest geniuses—and you can count them on the toes of one foot—the men like Shakespeare, that produced perfect work, as a hen lays an egg, not knowing how.

You will find in the beginning, of course, that thinking earnestly makes it hard for you to write, and writing makes it hard for you to think. Little by little, you will do both at the same time. The quality depending on what you have inside of your young head.

Remember that the old things that everybody knows are the most important—old emotions, old virtues, old vices.

The writing of stories is at present extremely profitable—once you succeed. And it is possible in fiction to preach good sermons and do useful work which is probably what you, being so young, have in mind.

The art of writing is "Seeing a thing clearly and describing it simply," whether you see a man fall from a fourteenth story window and light on his head, or see a thought coming to life in your own brain, and describe that thought as it shapes itself.

Say to yourself, "I will put into words just how a human
(Continued At Bottom of Last Column.)

Congressman Baer's Cartoons

(SEE EDITORIAL.)

THE MEER MAY INHERIT
THE EARTH—BUT WE HOG IT.



(NOTE THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE)

MR I. WILL HOGIT WHO
MADE SEVERAL MILLIONS OUT
OF PORK. HE BUYS PIGS
FROM THE FARMER AT 5¢ A LB
AND SELLS BACON AT 35¢.

PRaise JOHN FROM WHOM OIL
BLESSINGS FLOW.



JOHN D. ROBASFELLER WHO
RAISED GASOLINE 15¢ AND
MADE SEVERAL MILLION
OIL-RIGHT.

POLITICIANS
HAVE ALL THE TENACITY
OF BULL DOGS, (TO GRAB IT)



THE WATCH-DOG OF
BIG BIZ'S TREASURY
MR ALEX CRAFTY THE OLD
GANG POLITICIAN WHO ALSO
MADE A MILLION OR TWO.

THE FARMER RAISES THE GRAIN
THE GAMBLER LOWERS THE PRICE



A TICKER
A DICKECKER
A GRAIN GAMBLER WHO CLEANED
UP A MILLION ON WHEAT THAT
WAS NEVER GROWN.

How A MONEY BAG EVOLVED
INTO A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE.



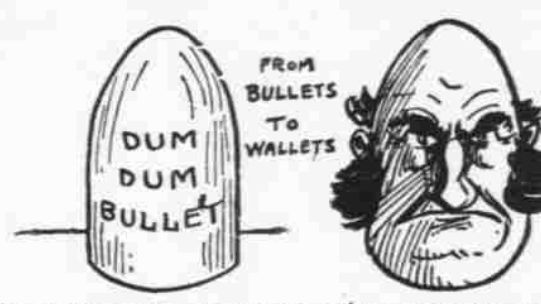
MR FILLUP MONEYBAGS WHO
STATED BEFORE THE BOARD OF
DIRECTORS THAT THE EXCESS
INTEREST CHARGES IN THE
NORTHWEST HAD MADE 57
MILLIONAIRES IN THE PAST YEAR.

IF YOU CANNOT SERVE GOD AND
MAMMON—HIRE A LAWYER TO PROVE
THE BIBLE IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.



BIG BIZ WHO MADE \$55,000,000—
OFF THE BY-PRODUCTS FROM
IMPOSSIBLE TO FIGURE OUT THE
MILLIONS MADE ON FEED-D WHEAT.

IF WAR BE A NECESSITY
MAKE A PROFIT OUT OF IT.



MR. DEADLY BULLET WHO CLAIMS THAT
3713 MILLIONAIRES HAVE SPRUNG FROM
THE MANUFACTURING OF MUNITIONS.

Art Vs. War Emergency

Special Board Should Be Appointed to House the New War Bureau.
Government Clerks and Universal Suffrage.

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

One need not be up in things architectural to realize that the present distribution of the offices of the Government in a motley collection of vari-sized buildings is far from artistic. One need not know much about office or factory comforts to understand, too, why big corporations desirous of efficiency do not house their employees as the Government is doing today.

Room and space seem to be at a premium. Old buildings have been renovated and additions built to permanent edifices. But now the tendency seems to be to build temporary structures, and to erect them in plazas and parks without regard to the effect from an architectural or artistic point of view. For years, the Fine Arts Commission and kindred organizations have labored to obtain symmetry and an orderly development of the Government's building plans. Now of a sudden the war emergency is given as the reason for abandoning these plans. Congress has just appropriated, for instance, \$2,000,000 to erect a temporary office building at Sixth and B streets. Colonel Harts and the Fine Arts Commission have given their approval, but only because it is to be a "temporary" affair.

Representative Tinkham, a member of the District Committee, has introduced a bill which asks Congress to adopt a policy of making authorizations for buildings only after plans have been approved by the Fine Arts Commission which is studying the present and future needs of the National Capital, and is expected soon to make a comprehensive report on a building program.

But there is something more urgent than architectural harmony. It is economy and foresight in the use of old buildings to meet the growing expansion of the Government. There ought to be a board with the single duty of considering the question of office space. Builders and architects as well as persons who know something of the problems of factory and office space should be appointed to it. The war machinery of the Government is becoming so extensive that it can no longer be viewed as a local problem. Representative Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, very wisely argues that it would be idle for Congress to continue to make large appropriations for war purposes if the departments in Washington cannot carry on their work for lack of space.

Everybody wants the city of Washington to be the most beautiful city in the United States, and the most handsome of national capitals. But art is one thing and convenience another. To do justice to both is a difficult but not impossible task. Yet neither end will be attained if the present haphazard method of choosing buildings for the new war bureaus is continued. The whole problem ought to be coordinated by a special board.

The New Superintendent of Buildings
and Grounds.

Major Clarence S. Ridley, who succeeds Col. William W. Harts, has before him an extraordinary task. The care of Washington in war-time is a job of unprecedented proportions, for the population of the city has increased and the demands of the Government for space as outlined above are growing daily. The record of Major Ridley is an index to what Washingtonians can expect from him in the future.

Incidentally, the thanks of the city are due Colonel Harts, who, while seemingly too severe at times in his treatment of employees at the Government buildings, none the less established in the end efficiency and discipline. The best wishes of the people of the District go with him in his new work in France.

What the Federal Employees' Union
Recommended.

It is interesting to note that the convention of Federal employees now meeting in Washington advocates woman suffrage as well as equal pay for men and women in the Government service. What this organization recommends is of especial importance, because the majority of Government employees reside in Washington. If they go on record in favor of woman suffrage, therefore, doesn't it permit of the inference that male suffrage is similarly endorsed? This appears to dispose effectually of the argument that the Government clerks do not want to vote. They do want to vote, and if they had the right today they would not have been found making recommendations for a minimum wage or a scientific retirement measure for superannuated clerks or kindred measures. To re-enfranchise residents of Washington is of prime importance to the Government clerks. The convention would do well to adopt resolutions expressing a hope for universal suffrage in the District of Columbia.

To a Young Lady Named Hazel, Age 22.
(Continued From First Column.)

being feels under certain conditions; for instance, under the influence of jealousy—may you never be able to write about it from experience.

Try to imagine what it is like, then write how YOU think a jealous man or a jealous woman would feel.

Read what the great writers have had to say about jealousy, compare your work and theirs.

For instance, take these two extracts, one from Shakespeare, one from Byron:

I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.

Othello, Act 3, Sc. 3

It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep
Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!

The Glaur—Lord Byron.

Read those two quotations slowly and then read your own; don't be discouraged if yours is not the best of the three.

Bear in mind the saying: "To convince others, be yourself convinced." Try to write always in a serious mood. Say to yourself: "I am one of fifteen hundred million ghosts that live on this planet, walking around for a few minutes in a dress made of flesh, blood, bones, and nerves. And I am going to use my ghostly brain to be of use to the other poor ghosts, making mistakes and wondering what to do."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article on "Failure"

THE host at our dinner party—a very successful inventor—had failed to reminiscing and was giving a broadly humorous account of the shifts and subterfuges to which he had been put in the effort to keep up appearances before fortune came his way.

He told, I remember, of his horror on one occasion when he had invited a number of capitalists to his office to discuss a proposition he wanted them to back, and not half an hour before the conference the sheriff walked in and took possession of the place under an execution.

The inventor was nonplussed. He paced the floor, uncertain what to do. All the structure of bright hopes he had been building on the strength of the coming interview crashed about him; for he knew that this exposure of his financial weakness would scare off the support for which he was angling. Then he remembered a poker game, where he had laid down a full hand before the superb bluff of an opponent who held absolutely nothing, and it offered him a suggestion.

When the financiers arrived he led them into his inner office. "Gentlemen," he said, "you will have to give me an answer to my proposition—yes or no—within five minutes. That man outside is a representative of one of the biggest corporations in the country." And so the sheriff was a representative of the State of New York. "He wants to take over this whole concern without delay, and unless you agree to my terms, I am going to let him do it."

The stratagem worked to a charm. As one of the syndicate afterward confessed, they had come there prepared to haggle and to keep him dangling on in uncertainty for weeks. But the idea of competition and the bold front he put up brought them to time, and the deal went through that afternoon.

"If people would only recall their past mistakes," the inventor drew his moral, "they could extricate themselves from many a dilemma. The sense of foolish ineptitude which swept over me when I discovered that I had been bluffed out in that poker game stood me in good stead in this game for a vastly more important stake. I simply borrowed the tactics which had been used against me, and played my busted straight as if I had a royal flush."

"You evidently believe," I said, "that we learn more from our failures than from our successes?"

"More!" he spoke with an emphasis which repudiated even the suggestion. "No man yet ever learned anything from a success. And the proof of it, is that successes do not often repeat."

"A person may score a success on the first trial. Sometimes he may follow it up with a second success. But rarely with a third. The reason is that he doesn't know how he did it. The lightning just happened to strike him. It's the failures we make that teach us, if we are capable of being taught at all."

"The fellow who wakes up the morning after to the jubilant song of the victor, and a sheaf of glowing press notices is not going to question very much how the result was obtained. He simply ascribes it to his own transcendent genius, and by the time he gets ready to start down town discovers that his

hat has suddenly grown too small for him.

"But the one who rises after a sleepless night, sore and aching in every joint from a drubbing at the hands of fortune, is very apt to study out how it all happened and take thought to avoid a similar experience the next time."

"Beginner's luck" is proverbial in every sport and enterprise from trout fishing to playing the stock market; but it is the old stager, with his expert knowledge gained from many a wearisome and empty-handed day along the river, upon whom we have to depend for our supply of fish.

"Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel;
But once in a way there will come a day.

When the coil will be taught to feel
The lash that falls, and the curb that galls,
And the sting of the revolved steel."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," is no mere figure of speech," he continued. "Adversity is our most valuable schoolmaster. There is not a success in the world today—a real success, I mean, not a mere flash in the pan—which, if the truth were known, is not the evolution and flower of a long line of failures—perhaps not always what the world counts failures, but to the men themselves, reckoned in that category in which misses are as good as miles.

Nature had to experiment a long while with the three-toed colipuses before she evolved anything so perfect as the horse. It took thousands of generations of ugly and misshapen beasts to reach the stage of man. And the process is

still going on. From failure to failure we progress until at last we reach success."

The inventor paused. His wife, I noticed, had joined only half-heartedly in our laughter at his hard luck anecdotes, and had shown some symptoms of impatience at his philosophizing.

"Well," she said a little grimly, "failure and adversity may all be as wonderful and desirable as you say, but for my part I'd rather have the peace and comfort of success."

"Those stories that my husband tells," she turned to the rest of us, "are very amusing now no doubt; but, believe me, they were not so funny as actual experience either to him or myself."

"My dear," he corrected her, "I did not claim that failures are ever humorous or agreeable at the time. The philosophic mind may say with Aeschylus, 'Memorize, my child, it is pretty cold consolation.'"

"What I asserted was that failure is one of the most valuable things that can happen to a man or woman, provided that he or she has the gumption to learn from the experience, and the nerve to 'watch the things that you gave life to broken; and stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.'"

"Naturally, also, the more severe the hardships which result from the failure or mistake, the more valuable the experience proves; for it is then a spur to extra effort. One may lament that he has to ride in a crowded street car rather than in a luxurious motor; one may complain of the little inconveniences of life. But when one finds himself actually in hell, one gets out. For where the will is strong enough, there is always a way."